# UGANDA BY PEN AND CAMERA

BY C. W. HATTERSLEY. WITH A PREFACE BY T. F. VICTOR BUXTON

AND 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

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DAUDI CWA, KING OF UGANDA.
*(Photographed at the age of six.)*

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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BY
C. W. HATTERSLEY

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T. F. VICTOR BUXTON

*PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS*

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# PREFACE

BY T. F. V. BUXTON

MUCH has been written about the past history of Uganda, from the time of Stanley's visit in 1875 and onwards. Thirty years is a short period in the history of a people; but in this case the period has been so full of kaleidoscopic changes, and has been marked by so many critical events, that its history reads like a romance. The rapidity with which these changes have taken place result in this, that the best descriptions of the country, written even a few years since, are quite inapplicable to the present time; and thus there is ample room for such an account as Mr. Charles Hattersley gives in the present book.

Uganda is a country which has called forth an extraordinary amount of interest and sympathy here at home, and there are numbers who will welcome this latest picture of its people. Among them I hope there may be many young men whose thoughts are turning to the missionary life, and who wish to study a field in which, under God's providence, their future work may lie. The picture given here is graphic and attractive, and I can bear witness that it is also faithful and true to life. I had the privilege the year before last of paying a visit to Uganda; and it is pleasant, in turning over the pages of Mr. Hattersley's chapters, to have innumerable incidents of the journey and details of native life recalled by his descriptions, and by the excellent photographs with which they are illustrated.

Peace and security now reign in Uganda, and the English resident suffers from none of the anxiety as to personal safety to

which he and his predecessors were exposed a few short years ago. But the missionary to-day, as Mr. Hattersley indicates, has to face other difficulties which are no less anxious to one whose whole heart is in the work. British administration has broken down the old restraints, and individual freedom of action prevails as never before. At the same time there is an in-rush of new influences from Europe and from India, which are often in direct antagonism to those of the missionary. The Christian Church is thus passing through a time of sifting and trial, and there seems a special call now for unwavering faith in the power of prayer and in the assured triumph of the Grace of God.

To meet the new circumstances, it is obvious that one of the most important objects to be kept in view must be the imparting of sound education. Elementary schools have already done a noble work,

and the Baganda have proved apt and eager pupils; but among many of them the demand has now arisen for something more than the three R's and simple Bible-teaching. The whole system of education in Mengo, and throughout the country, is being revised and extended, and the ability which Mr. Hattersley has already shown in this branch of missionary work points him out as one who must take a prominent part in the improvements now under consideration.

We were impressed by the signs of vigour and efficiency evident in the conduct of the large boys' school under his charge, and were greatly interested in a project for which he was preparing at the time of our visit to Mengo. Mr. Hattersley was then busy over the erection of a group of small boarding-houses for the sons of chiefs in different parts of the country, for whom better education was desirable than could be obtained in their village schools.

One of these houses had been provided by the Administration to accommodate young chiefs from Busoga, for whom it was considered important that they should be removed for a time from undesirable home influences, and trained in a way more likely to qualify them for taking their part worthily in the government of their country. The work of these boarding-houses is now in full swing, and they must form a very valuable adjunct to the day school. We shall not soon forget our visit to this latter institution. The large grass-thatched building was well filled, and all the boys seemed to be working keenly at their lessons, while the teachers were throwing themselves heartily into the work of imparting knowledge. The most interesting class was a gathering of senior boys, many of them practically grown up, who were receiving systematic Bible-teaching from Mr. Hattersley himself.

It is pleasant to notice how all the teaching in Mengo clusters round the great cathedral, recently built by the Baganda under Mr. Borup's able superintendence. This cathedral stands on one of the twin tops of Namirembe, the highest among a group of hills over which the capital is scattered. The three tall peaks by which its roof is surmounted form a striking feature in the view from any of the surrounding hills, and the cathedral itself is set off by the lower buildings which lie about it, though separated by an ample space of level ground. The boys' and girls' schools lie beyond the east end, while on one side is the building filled daily with numbers of candidates preparing for baptism or confirmation, and on the other side are carried on the classes for training teachers, male and female.

Of these, the young men are under Mr. Roscoe's charge—and a heavy charge it is, considering the numbers to be trained.

When we visited him at his work, we found the room well filled with about a hundred teachers in training, who were writing out answers to Bible questions. To maintain order among so large a number, who have known practically nothing of discipline before they joined the classes, is in itself no light task; but the fact that all are voluntary learners makes the work easier than it otherwise would be. The missionary has, of course, many anxieties regarding the spiritual tone of those who offer themselves as Christian workers; but some test of their sincerity and zeal is provided by the fact that the majority come from a distance, and find considerable difficulty in providing for themselves during their stay at the capital. Many have, in fact, to endure real hardness, and often go short of food, in their anxiety to learn and to qualify themselves for pastoral and missionary labour.

The avidity for learning evidenced by

these intending teachers, and among the rapidly-growing classes of Baganda who can read and write, shows the immense importance of providing wholesome literature in the Luganda language. Hitherto the Bible has been practically the only book, and we may be deeply thankful that the Word of God has had the first place, and has had time to influence the Baganda so deeply before other books were translated. Now, however, the demand is extending, and must be supplied. The work of the Bible Society will, we hope and expect, not diminish, but go on steadily increasing; but its sister societies, the Religious Tract Society and the S.P.C.K., are needed to supplement its work without delay. The R.T.S. has already made several grants for Uganda, either free or at reduced rates. These have consisted chiefly of English books to help the missionaries in teaching; but now the great need is for vernacular literature, and a vast field

of usefulness lies before the R.T.S. in the future. It is to be hoped that the committee and friends of that society may realise how critical is the present opportunity, and may supply the Baganda with an abundance of wholesome books before the flood of evil literature, which follows our so-called civilisation, begins to percolate into the country.

Having dwelt thus upon the importance of education and of literature, I cannot do better than conclude by endorsing with all my heart the remarks Mr. Hattersley makes on pages 34 and 35 of this book. He has been reminding us that the European in Uganda needs to be an all-round man, capable of turning his hand to a great variety of work, and he reminds us here that, in house building and other manual labour, the missionary has opportunities of commending the Gospel to many who cannot be reached in the class-room. It is true in Uganda, as elsewhere, that the life tells more than words,

and it is important that all who go out to that country should realise the immense responsibility resting upon them. Every action will be watched, every word will be noted, and Christianity will be judged by its influence in the little things of daily life.

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# UGANDA BY PEN AND CAMERA

## CHAPTER I

### HOW TO GET THERE

THE journey to Uganda is nowadays not the tedious business it was up to the year 1902. It is no longer necessary to do it on foot. The whole journey can be accomplished in twenty-six days, from London to Mengo. Crossing from Dover to Calais, passing by train through Paris and Lyons to Marseilles, and thence through the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, and the Red Sea, we round Cape Guardafui, and go

down the East African Coast as far as Mombasa.

The sea-passage usually occupies twenty-one days. It is possible to go by a P. & O. steamer as far as Aden, and there change into a British India Steam Navigation Co.'s boat; but most people prefer the French or German liners, which entail no change at Aden. Foreign boats are subsidised by their respective Governments, and give much better terms than the English boats. Although the distance, as the crow flies, is not more than 5,000 miles, the circuitous route makes us travel over 8,000 miles before reaching Uganda. From Mombasa to Mengo by land, as measured by cyclometer, is 711 miles; but the present-day route is 584 miles by rail to the Lake Victoria, and 175 miles across the lake from Ugowe Bay, or Kisumu, to Entebe, and from Entebe to Mengo 18 miles by road. The journey has been so often described

that I do not intend to devote much time to that. It must suffice to show a picture of Mombasa, which strikes one on landing as being remarkably pretty. The white houses of the Government officers, and traders, contrasting with the vivid green of the foliage, and the blue sky and sea, all combine to produce a very pleasing effect, as the sun is shining brightly almost every day in the year.

Mombasa has been much improved during the last few years. Much better accommodation has been provided, which is, however, not necessary for missionaries, who do not use the hotels; warm-hearted brethren usually meet the new arrivals, and extend kind hospitality during their limited stay there.

We make our way to the railway station and take our tickets for Uganda, but the train service is somewhat restricted. For half the distance, little over 300 miles, to

Nairobi, there are as many as three trains a week, but beyond that point to the lake one or two passenger trains a week are considered ample for the small number of passengers. At the time of writing this, the upper part of the line is not yet permanent, and the heavy rains are constantly washing away parts of embankments, and the line being only single often causes much delay. Our illustration represents one such delay, where it took two hours to go 200 yards, the train coming off the line five times.

Where one is not anxious to catch a steamer (we were, in this particular case), such delays are rather more amusing than distressing, for it is possible and allowable to get out of the train and take a walk or take snapshots; but it is not advisable to walk too far ahead of the train, as there is positively no guarantee that it will catch you up that day, and you may find yourself

stranded in the wilderness. Such a delay is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and, as a rule, the train makes a very good journey. The train ride is full of interest to the traveller. The types of various nations seen at the stations and along the route, and the numerous herds of wild animals, prove a source of wonder and amusement, though there are great tracts of country in which no sign of life at all can be seen. On our arrival at Ugowe Bay, in all probability, a steamer will be found waiting. There are other names applied to this bay. One is Port Florence, another is Kisumu, but they all refer to the same place, which is a large bay forty-five miles long in Kavirondo.

It is here we get our first glimpse of the great Victoria Lake, or Nyanza, as the natives call a lake. It is well known by now that the lake is sufficiently big to put into it the whole of Ireland. Roughly

speaking it is 1,000 miles in circumference, with an area of 40,000 square miles. It is fresh water, and subject to very severe storms indeed. There is, of course, no tide, but the lake is subject to rises and falls of as much as ten feet, probably due to rainfall; but it is difficult to understand some of the high-water marks on the rocks in various parts. Some people have thought that these rises take place in a sort of cycle of years. The middle of the lake has only lately been explored.

All round near the shores are islands of various sizes, mostly inhabited and very fertile, the scenery for the most part being tropical. The lake abounds in fish, many very large and very good eating, and the natives, although catching a great deal near the shores, rarely venture on deep-sea fishing. They fish both with line and traps. There are many hippopotami and crocodiles. The hippopotamus is not dangerous to life if left

alone, though sometimes attacking canoes with very disastrous results. It appears to be not generally known that crocodiles perpetuate the species by laying eggs, about the size of an ordinary duck's egg, with very tough shells. These are laid in holes scraped in the sand, and hatched by the heat of the sun. A crocodile will lay from eighty to one hundred and twenty in one batch. Fortunately few of these arrive at maturity, as there are numerous birds, fish, and crocodiles awaiting the young when they emerge from the shells, but one can rarely go on the lake for even a very short distance without seeing crocodiles, and it is very inadvisable to bathe in shallow waters.

The natives on these islands are very clever at making canoes. People have an idea that because they are only sewn together these canoes do not last long. It merely means that they require re-sewing, for they are only sewn together with the fibre

of a palm-tree. The boards will last as long as twenty years. The boats cannot really sink even if full of water. They would if the crew stayed in, but at the first sign of swamping the crew jump out into the water, and cling to the edge of the canoe until the storm abates. Then, one by one, the men carefully get in, each baling out in turn a little water, and then on they go. The natives would not travel in a canoe which did not leak, as they consider it would not go well without water in the bottom to balance it, and one man's business is always to be baling out.

For European travellers and chiefs a bridge of twigs, covered with grass, is spread over the water in the bottom of the canoe, and travelling can be made fairly comfortable by means of bales of bedding and other packages as back-rests. The paddlers face the way they are going, and keep up a dismal chant most of the time,

which encourages them to paddle more or less in time. Crossing the lake from Ugowe Bay to Entebe by steamer occupies the greater part of two days, one night being spent at anchor, as the narrow passages between some of these islands are very dangerous to traverse at night. Two new railway steamers were launched in 1903, and travelling is now fairly comfortable. The line of the equator is crossed *en route*, so it goes without saying that in Uganda there is always twelve hours' sunlight and eleven hours' darkness, with two half hours of what may be called twilight dividing the two. In March and September there is absolutely no shadow at noon, the sun being immediately overhead.

There are no seasons in Uganda, roughly speaking. It is always hot, and it has been said that the heat penetrates into the ground six feet all the year round, as against one foot in England, in July and

August. There are what are called rainy seasons, commencing about March and September, but they are very uncertain, and, even in the rainy seasons, rain rarely falls continuously for more than a few hours. Rain is plentiful most of the year, June and December being the only really dry months. Hailstorms are frequent, and sometimes severe. Some thirty years ago, the natives say, there was a terrible storm of hail, and the hailstones remained on the ground for three days. Numbers of people were killed, and numerous others died from cold. Many huts were knocked down by the force of the stones, and most of the plantations very severely damaged. Thunder-storms are frequent, and often terrific, houses being constantly struck by lightning and destroyed.

It does not seem as though Uganda proper is a country for settlers, but probably the heat is not the greatest barrier to this.

The elevation is high, over 4,400 feet above sea-level, and probably the rarity of the atmosphere has something to do with the feeling of depression which one constantly experiences after four years' residence in the country without a furlough. When the atmosphere is so rare, the lungs cannot perform their full amount of work, and the liver is called on to help, with the result that it cannot discharge its own functions properly, and indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

Malaria is a great enemy and source of danger to life, the natives suffering a great deal from it, much more so in proportion than Europeans. No doubt it is passed on from natives to Europeans by mosquitoes. Professor Ross, of the Liverpool School of Medicine, is of opinion that malaria is conveyed almost entirely by mosquitoes; and that—if it is possible for Europeans to live entirely apart from natives, keeping them at a

distance of fifty yards, and avoiding the neighbourhood of stagnant pools and open cisterns of every description—it is quite possible to live in these tropical climates without the least fear of malarial fever. We believe that it will be found that a great source of danger is the planting of bananas and Indian corn near to the dwelling, as mosquitoes undoubtedly breed in such plants, which hold a great deal of moisture. The worst form of malaria, usually called black-water fever, is apparently conveyed only by the mosquitoes called Culexanopheles, and only the female can convey it. She makes a feed of blood during the breeding-season from a native or other person infected with malaria, and then injects the parasites into some other victim from whom she makes a second meal.

These are not the only difficulties in the way of colonisation. Insect enemies to plant life and cultivation of cereals are very numerous. Many experiments have ended

disastrously, but the British Administration is making every effort to find out what productions can most suitably be grown. It seems at present as though the country called East Africa, that is, east of the lake, is most suitable for colonisation by Europeans, both from a health point of view, and that of remuneration for their labours as planters, though on the highlands of the Mau escarpment, 7,000 feet, we have heard of cases of mountain sickness.

The disease called sleeping sickness, which has of late wrought such havoc amongst the natives, is of a most distressing character. It has been found that a parasite carried by a species of tsetse fly which attacks human beings is responsible for the disease. The parasite was first found in the fluid surrounding the spinal cord, hence the brain is the first vital organ attacked.

Let us now take a look at Entebe. From the steamer the place presents a very

charming appearance, with its wealth of foliage extending well to the water-edge, its forest scenery, and the varied collection of dwellings. Entebe is a long isthmus, and is peopled chiefly by Europeans connected with the Government, traders, Indians, and Goanese. European traders have not, so far, been a great success in Uganda, and trade is, at present, mostly in the hands of an enterprising Indian or two. From the shore the view of the lake is equally pretty, and one only regrets that it is not possible to show these in their natural colours.

I need not describe in detail the Government of Uganda. It will suffice to say that at Entebe resides the representative of his Majesty's Government. There are also a number of sub-commissioners in charge of districts, and a small army of clerks, accountants, store-keepers, and mechanics, numbering in all over one hundred, in Uganda proper.

KING'S ROAD, FROM MENGO TO NAMIREMBE,

*(The White Fence on summit of Hill is the King's Lubiri.)*

Uganda is a Protectorate, not a colony, and has its own native parliament, which makes all laws, subject to the approval of the Commissioner.

Let us pass on, now, to Mengo. We can go by cycle or on foot. There is an almost level cycle road of some twenty-two miles going round the hills, the eighteen-mile foot road, as is usual in Uganda, going over the top of them all, and making travelling very laborious.

Arrived at Mengo, the traveller is always much impressed by the great King's Road. From the earliest recorded time the Baganda have always had roads to the main centres of their kingdom, and this road was made entirely by the natives without any instruction from Europeans. The white line across the top is the fence of the King's 'lubiri' (enclosure).

It may be asked, Where are the houses of the natives, of whom more than 60,000 live

in Mengo now? They can rarely be seen from the road, as the roads are bounded by reed fences, and each house is surrounded by a grove of plantains, banana, and wild fig-trees. The reed fences are not substantial, and, latterly, most natives have taken to making growing fences. It is only necessary to cut off the branch of a tree, or the upper half of the stem, stick it into the ground, and with the first rain it takes root and grows, so that a living fence is the simplest thing to propagate. The poles used to hold the telegraph wires in Usoga and Uganda were saplings, which have taken root and are now good growing trees. Similar poles stuck into the ground as table-legs occasionally take root and produce leaves.

The ordinary food of the natives is plantains. The difference between plantains and bananas is tantamount to that between cooking and eating apples. In appearance

they are the same. Indeed, it is almost impossible to tell the difference when seeing a plantain and banana growing side by side. An idea of the taste of plantains may be gathered by mixing together a potato, a turnip, and an artichoke. They are usually steamed in their own leaves, and the natives who can get two meals a day, at noon and at evening, are perfectly happy. Some varieties are sweet, but the natives do not care much for these. There are also sweet bananas, of which the country produces many excellent varieties, but they are chiefly used for making beer, by squeezing out the juice and fermenting it with millet seeds, which the natives call 'mwembe,' the beer thus made being called 'mwenge.' An unfermented kind is much drunk, and is called 'mubisi,' but this turns sour in the stomach if a quantity is drunk. They grow a great quantity of sweet potatoes, which they use chiefly in time of drought,

for the plantain and banana will only produce fruit when supplied with plenty of moisture. In addition they have a variety of vegetables similar to spinach, marrow, beans, and peas of an inferior quality. They eat meat when they can get it, but most of them are too poor to afford this indulgence often.

## CHAPTER II

### THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE

BEFORE going further we will introduce you to the King of the country, Daudi Cwa (pronounced Chwa; Daudi means David). He is a son of Mwanga, and the grandson of Mtesa. I must not pass over Mwanga, the King's father. It will be remembered that he ran away from his capital in 1897, and, after spending a little time with the Germans south of Uganda, escaped from them. He finally joined King Kaberega, his old Munyoro enemy, and they together joined hands with the remnant of the Soudanese mutineers. In the end they were captured by the troops of the Government, and Mwanga, with Kaberega, was till

1903 a prisoner in the Seychelles Islands, where he received an allowance of some one hundred rupees per month from the British Government. He wrote letters at various times entreating his chiefs to pity him and get him restored to his throne, but could find no sympathy. The country on the whole was only too glad to be rid of him, though we know perfectly well there are many who would have been very glad to see him restored, and, with him, the old state of things. Their hopes have, however, been destroyed, as Mwanga died in the Seychelles in May, 1903. He was born in 1866, and was only eighteen when Mtesa died. Mtesa appointed him as his successor. The eldest son was not necessarily heir to the throne. Each king was, as a rule, appointed by his predecessor. Mwanga and Kiwewa were the only two sons of Mtesa allowed out of prison. All the others were kept in captivity, so that when the new king came to the throne,

he could easily put his brothers to death. Mtesa always said that Mwanga was a most gentle and obedient son. Apparently in those days he was not the vicious character he turned out to be later on, for he did not kill his brothers when he ascended the throne. Kalema, another brother, did, however, murder his kinsmen. He had them all conveyed to an island, or, rather, a raised piece of land in Budo, some eight miles from Mengo, around which he dug an enormous trench. Across the trench was thrown a pole, which served as a bridge to convey a very small amount of food. When the poor wretches were half starved he threw fire across, burning the grass huts in which they were living, and as the inmates crawled out he shot at them and killed them, some half-dozen in all. Mwanga's later disposition was undoubtedly the result of the practice of polygamy and other sins.

Daudi Cwa was born on August 8, 1896,

and commenced to reign on August 14, 1897. King Daudi is a very nice little boy, and is growing up, we trust, a good Christian. He feels his position, and the natives respect him very highly indeed, and consider it a great honour to work for the king. On anniversaries of his birthday, and coronation day, a guard of honour of Indian troops is usually sent up to his enclosure, and the king is taken round by the European official in charge of the district to inspect the troops. He usually makes on such occasions a feast for European residents, for whom he prepares tables, knives and forks, and as many civilised dishes as he can muster.

The government is at present in the hands of three regents appointed by the British Administration, Apolo, the Katikiro (Prime Minister who visited England), being the head; Zakaria Kizito, or Kisingiri, being the second, and the third, Stanilas Mugwania, a Romanist.

These men have charge of the king until he attains his majority at the age of eighteen years. There is a native council of representatives who constitute a sort of parliament, in which all native laws are drawn up and then submitted for the approval of the commissioner, and this council discusses affairs once a week with an officer of the Administration. The king presides over the council at times, and always on state occasions sits on his chair attired in his regal robes. Chiefs of high rank may sit on a chair or a bench in the council, but the majority sit on the ground, which is always covered with a plentiful supply of fresh grass.

In Mwanga's days, certainly up to 1888, no one but Europeans dare sit on a chair in his presence, and no native dare let it be known that he had a chair in his possession. One or two daring spirits tried this, but their heads were cut off. When the king visited any chief he was invariably shown

into an empty room, which each chief always kept for his visitors, so that they might not cast covetous eyes on his belongings. One chief possessed a stool, and one of his serfs happened to sit on it. He was promptly beheaded by his chief, who said that any one sufficiently assuming to sit on his stool would not be long before he was usurping his position altogether, and was much better out of the way.

Some idea of the state of society in the king's palace may be gathered from the fact that the king's mother (the Namasole) had to be removed entirely from the palace, and made to live in a separate house some two miles away. Her character was of such a nature, and she drank so immoderately, that her influence was too bad for her young son. He was in charge of an old nurse, but lately all women servants have been expelled from the enclosure, only men and boys being allowed to serve the king. His education

is being attended to spiritually by Ham Mukasa, who recently accompanied the Katikiro to England, and his education in general by two of the teachers trained in the Boys' School, Mengo. He is learning English, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

That the king appreciates the European missionaries, and their friendly feeling towards him, has been evinced by a curious native custom which he has followed several times. On one of these occasions he sent his teacher with a garment to me with the following message: 'The king has sent me to salute you. He is sorry he cannot come to see you himself, but, as he cannot, he has sent you his shirt to wear for a few days, and you are to think of his love for you when wearing it'; and when going home on furlough he gave me a pair of sandals, which he took from his feet for that purpose. These are the greatest marks of affection that can be shown in Uganda. King Daudi is a very

lovable, quiet little fellow, and there is every hope that he will grow up a Christian man.

It is scarcely necessary to add that it is earnestly hoped that Christians in England will continually remember him in their prayers, the influence of the king being so very great in such a country. I would ask the same for his cousin, who goes by the title of the Queen-sister, who is shown here being carried on a man's shoulders, the usual mode of locomotion on great occasions, not only for her, but for the king as well. She was brought up in the C.M.S. mission school as a Christian, but a recent disagreement with the head chief on the question of her fiancé has resulted in her going over to the French R.C. Mission. Her name is Yunia. She does not live in the king's palace, though she is a constant visitor there.

The Baganda are a very clever people, intelligent, though with rather crude ideas

YUNIA, DAUDI'S COUSIN, THE QUEEN-SISTER.
(*Always carried shoulder-high on State Occasions.*)

on some points. On one occasion some boys requested that a big tree close to the house might be hewn down, because it made the wind blow. They thought the rustling of the leaves made the wind blow, instead of *vice versâ*. Another boy, seeing a number of heads in an illustrated paper, asked why they had all been beheaded. In his own village, not long before, his chief had cut off the heads of four or five men, and stuck their heads on poles. The children used to be taught that no other people existed excepting the Baganda, the Basoga, the Bakede, the Banyoro, the Batoro, and other immediately surrounding nations. They thought the horizon was supported by props, just as they support their reed fences, and that it was the outside edge of the world.

The language is a very interesting one to study. It is one of the Bantu group, and, though very complete and very elastic in

the formation of words, it is difficult to introduce new ideas into it.

For a long time our missionaries have used a word, 'enenya,' meaning 'to repent,' but one day, recently, in the class, an intelligent evangelist said to the teacher: 'The word you have just been explaining to us does not at all mean what you think it does. Let me explain to you the real meaning of it. Supposing a man is going along the road armed with a spear, and he meets two men unarmed carrying bundles of food. He spears one, and robs him of his load. A few minutes afterwards he thinks to himself, "How foolish I was to let the other man escape! I might have had his load as well." He immediately follows him, catches him up, spears him, and takes his load too. Now, the regret that he felt at not having killed the second man is explained by the word "enenya," which can hardly be said to mean "to repent."' It

will thus be seen that it is very easy indeed to make mistakes when learning a new language.

Very stupid mistakes have often been made by new residents. One lady showed her servant some withered flowers, and said to him, 'Bring me some flowers like these from the garden.' In a few minutes the boy returned with all the withered flowers he could find, and said, 'These are all I can find. All the others are in bloom.' What the lady should have said was, 'Bring me some flowers of this nature.'

Let us now turn to our mission station in the capital, which is built on a hill called Namirembe. Namirembe is one of many names applied to parts of the capital. Mengo is the name of the king's hill, and from this the capital takes its name. Namirembe is in the capital, and is merely the name of the hill on which our mission station is built. Kampala is the next hill, and is

the name of the hill on which the government station is erected. Nakasero is the hill beyond, on which are the military quarters; but the whole are in the capital.

Namirembe is 4,442 feet above sea level, and on it is the cathedral of the C.M.S. mission. Here reside Bishop Tucker, the director of the C.M.S. in Uganda, Archdeacon Walker, secretary of the mission, and several missionaries, including wives, who train evangelists and teachers, conduct the boys' and girls' school and various Bible classes.

When it is remembered that the average daily attendance at the classes is between 800 and 900 in Mengo, not to speak of the 300 daily patients at the dispensary, it will be seen that a large staff is required. Two leading native teachers are also stationed here, who conduct classes for the work of training and examining candidates for baptism and confirmation.

The attendance on Saturdays is smaller, as that is the day on which intending worshippers at church on Sundays must wash their clothes, not many people possessing more than one suit.

On Saturday mornings are held the meetings of the Church Council, which conducts the business of the Church of Uganda.

On Monday, classes are not held. It is the day on which all chiefs must visit the king, and attend the native parliament meeting. It is also the general time for visiting. Some missionaries are able to itinerate and conduct services on that day. Others are busy seeing teachers in from the country. Or, if time allows, they make articles of household furniture, school apparatus, and meet other requirements, for in Uganda the amount of labour available for such purposes is extremely limited. A missionary, as a rule, has to be his own boot-mender, carpenter, hair-dresser, and

fulfil a great many duties of which he never dreamed when he left England. Monday also affords time for translational and other language work which must be done.

The conditions of life are now becoming much improved, and better houses are being erected. The easiest plan, and the one most usually followed, is to make a framework of palm poles, which often have to be carried eight to ten miles on men's heads from the forests. Across these twigs and sticks are tied on with the bark of a tree, the space being filled in with mud. When plastered this makes a very respectable wall, which is whitewashed or yellow-washed with a kind of chalky clay.

The roofs are thatched with grass, a work at which the people are very skilful, but at which they have some peculiar customs. A thatcher will often be seen smoking a pipe while putting on the grass, and if a foreman or European comes upon him

HOUSE-BUILDING BY MISSIONARIES AND NATIVES.

1. BUILDING. 2. CARPENTERING. 3. THATCHING.

suddenly, he will push the lighted pipe in amongst the thatch, at the risk of setting fire to the whole structure. These grass roofs ignite very readily, and unless the ceiling of the rooms is thickly covered with earth, it is almost an impossible feat to rescue household furniture with the roof all alight. If, however, an earth ceiling has been provided, after the first blaze of the grass, which usually expends itself in eight to ten minutes, it is possible to get out most of one's effects whilst the wood-work smoulders.

Many missionaries have to do the greater part of the carpentering for their homes, and our illustration shows one of them so employed. It is possible, sometimes, but not always, to get native help. It must not be supposed that house building must needs be a work carried on without any chance of preaching the Gospel, provided that the missionary has learnt something

of the language. As a matter of fact, no work is more trying to the temper, or gives more splendid opportunities of proving, by a Christian demeanour under all circumstances, what a life influenced by the Gospel is. Indeed, many workmen, finding the missionary a kind master, so very different to their own native overseers, are willing to listen to the introduction of the Gospel.

I know one case of a man who had been in touch with our missionaries ever since there was a mission in Uganda. He had always resisted every effort to get him to read. But when helping to build a house he was again invited to learn. He at last yielded, received his first lessons during meal-times, and is now reading for baptism, much to the astonishment of his fellow natives, who cannot understand his willingness to begin after refusing for so many years. Let no one think that manual labour is without its opportunities of preaching the Gospel

We cannot remember too much or too often that it is our lives, far more than our teaching in a class, that the natives look at and try to understand. We do, indeed, need to be 'epistles known and read of all men.' Angry words about some mistake by an incapable workman often do serious harm, and deter people from coming under the influence of the Gospel.

The first thing the natives ask about a missionary is, 'Is he a kind man?' or, as they put it, 'Alina ekisa?' ('Has he kindness?') If they are told that 'he has kindness,' then they desire to come and see him, and are willing to listen to his teaching. But if he is announced to be a man of 'busungu' (anger), people are immediately afraid of him, and take care to stay away.

More substantial houses of sunburnt bricks are now being built, and before long we may hope to see corrugated iron roofs, which,

though safer from fire, will not be nearly so cool, grass roofs being very good nonconductors of heat. It is almost impossible to say what the heat is in the sun, but in the shade of the verandah it rarely registers more than 80° to 85°, and inside the house it is usually in the daytime 70° to 72°, and at night in the house about an average of 68°. It is rarely necessary to have a fire, and few houses can boast of a fireplace. Of course, no glass is used for windows. It is difficult to wash the floors, as they are only beaten earth, and the usual plan is to smear them over with cow dung once in every two or three weeks. This is a necessity, not only to protect the floors and to harden the surface, but also to keep down the number of fleas and jiggers, which are very plentiful in the country. The smearing with cow dung appears to fasten them to the floor.

The native word for jiggers is 'mvunza,'

probably taken from the Kiswahili word 'mvunda' (a maggot), or it may have been derived from the Luganda 'kuvunda,' to rot, the causative of which makes 'kuvunza,' to make to rot. These jiggers are very tiny white fleas, so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, though the natives can see them on their black skins. They burrow under the toe nail, or in the hard part of the heel, and live there, until ejected with the point of a needle; and as the ejection is an operation of considerable pain, the sufferer often prefers to leave in the jiggers for a time, in spite of the irritation caused. The jigger lays a number of eggs in its home in the foot, which, when ready for hatching, fall out on to the ground, and are hatched in the dust; but the mother stays in the foot, and causes serious ulcers, unless ejected.

Jiggers were first brought from the West Indies to West Africa, crossed Uganda *en route* to the east coast, but were not known

in Uganda until 1892. They caused quite a panic when they first arrived. Fifty people at one chief's place died from the effects of their invasions, and twenty at another chief's place. The latter was Mika Sematimba, who visited England some years ago with Archdeacon Walker, and whose figures can be taken as reliable. Many people have lost toes through not attending to the jiggers early enough. The blood of the natives is such that the flesh readily festers, and serious ulcers ensue. It is almost impossible for Europeans to quite escape the attacks of these pests, as they get on to the bedding when hung out in the sun, and burrow into the feet of the victim while he is sleeping.

The house-work of Europeans is usually performed by boys, who make very good servants. They wash clothes and cook very well, though at times they make curious mistakes through ignorance. One cook,

whose master was teaching in school, greatly surprised him when he sat down to lunch. He found that the cook, as he had not quite sufficient greengages to fill up the pie dish, had supplied the deficiency with onions, and on being questioned, merely remarked, 'Well, sir, don't we use onions for almost everything nowadays?' It is only lately that onions have been procurable in any quantity.

One needs to be extremely careful in watching the culinary operations. Happily it is possible, nowadays, to get a fair variety of food, for most Europeans cannot wisely attempt to live in native fashion, as the health suffers, and the constitution is quickly undermined. Fresh meat, chiefly goats' flesh, is obtainable in markets in most of the large centres daily. Beef sometimes; but it is not always advisable to buy beef. The natives rarely sell their cattle for killing, unless they fear they are going to die of

some disease, or unless a tough old bull is quite useless for anything else but to be killed and sold. It is possible to obtain potatoes, and to grow or buy some English vegetables, such as cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, and turnips, and food of all kinds can be readily imported now.

## CHAPTER III

### THE OLD RELIGION AND MORALS

It is a common thing with most travellers in African countries to tell us that most black races have no idea of a God or a Supreme Being. This is quite a mistake; indeed, most races will be found to have a belief in a Supreme God. Certainly the Baganda have, and the word they use—'Katonda'—for the Creator of the world is the same word which is now used for God; for they believe that Katonda sent down from heaven the inhabitants of the world.

Their story runs thus: In the beginning Katonda told his son, Kintu, and his wife, Namba, to come down into the world and to bear children, who should be the inhabitants

therein. He told them, 'When you go down to the world to-morrow, get up early in the morning, and slip away before your brother Lumbe (that is, Death) knows you are going, for if he knows he will go with you, and will kill your children.'

They set off in the morning, but, having travelled part of the distance, the wife said to her husband, 'I have brought this fowl with me, but I have left the Indian corn for its food hanging up in the porch of the house. I am going back to fetch it.' Kintu, the husband, remonstrated with her, but in vain. She went back, and just as she came out of the house, after taking down the bundle of corn hanging in the porch, she encountered Death (Lumbe), who asked her where she was going. On hearing that her destination was the world, Lumbe said, 'Well, I will accompany you.' He came into the world with the first couple, and as children were born to them, Lumbe put an

end to most of them. Hence the world is so sparsely populated.

We must notice here a very remarkable similarity between this story and our own account of the Creation. Death is represented as coming into the world through the disobedience of the woman.

The body, they say, can die; but the spirit cannot die. They have no idea, however, that the spirit returns to the God who gave it. What they believe is, that the spirit remains somewhere near the body, and must be attended to, just as when alive. Much in the same way as the Chinese believe in ancestral worship, so the Baganda take the greatest care of the graves of their ancestors, and pay attention to the wants of the spirits.

This is especially so with kings. As their first king came down from heaven, they say they must be divine, and so their spirits must be worshipped, or if not actually worshipped, special attention must be paid to them. As

a result of this, when a king dies, his body is always buried in the floor of the house in which he has been living. The old serfs and servants who waited on him during his lifetime remain in the house. Fresh grass is spread on the floor, and they keep the place clean, as they used to for the living king, and the serfs and servants bring presents of food, or money, or beer, or firewood to the spirit —firewood because a fire must always be kept burning, night and day, in honour of the spirit. The head wife of Mtesa and the queen-sister are both still living on the same hill on which Mtesa is buried; but, both being Christians, they do not take the same interest in keeping up the old rites as they used to. So much is this the case, that the fence around the enclosure is always more or less in a state of disrepair. The interiors of the tombs are usually decorated with spears and shields made of beaten brass, copper, or iron, and decorated with coloured

THE TOMB OF KING KAMANYA, GRANDFATHER OF MTESA.

cloths. A number of cloths and tusks of ivory have usually been buried with the body of a king.

Although near the capital these superstitions are to some extent dying out, it is not so in the country—for Uganda is by no means Christianised throughout. An instance of this is seen in our picture, which represents the tomb of King Kamanya, the grandfather of Mtesa. This is some eight miles from Mengo, and it will be seen that the house is quite a modern one. It has only lately been erected, since the old structure was destroyed by fire. It is a house such as a chief of high rank lives in, and has panelled shutters and doors. The interior of the tomb has been decorated with coloured printed cloths and white calico, and the entrance is guarded by a door with bells attached. The three old women sitting beside the door live inside the tomb, and keep the fire burning there, as has always been

done, and the pile of logs in the courtyard had been brought by the old servants of the king as an offering to the spirit.

It must not be supposed that this is altogether the work of the heathen. The house was built with the sanction of the Prime Minister, who is a most earnest Christian, and the decorations of the interior were carried out under the supervision of Mbogo, the chief Mohammedan prince, only in the year 1902. It is an instance of how very hard superstition dies, and how very much popular feeling is against any change in the old habits of the people—though probably their superstition does not mean very much more to some people than the nailing of a horseshoe on the door of a barn.

One offering of especial value in the eyes of the spirit used to be human blood, and Mtesa offered 3,000 human beings in one day as a sacrifice to the spirit of Suna, his father. It is impossible to walk anywhere

for half a mile around the tree where this sacrifice was offered without passing over human bones, and it is only four miles from Mengo. It is one of a great number of similar trees in the country.

There was a universal belief in the Lubare, or spirit; but this Lubare was not one spirit, but many. The chief spirit was that of the lake, whose headquarters were probably the island of Bukasa; but there was also the Lubare of thunder, of rain, of war, of sickness, and, in fact, of almost everything. They appear to believe that all these Lubare owe their allegiance to the Divine Creator. Of course there was no idea of love in their minds; in fact, no word meaning love exists in their language. The word which we use for love in our missionary teaching originally meant 'to be fond of,' in the sense of animal love, and the same word is used for 'to desire.'

The whole idea of the people connected with the Lubare was, as is common with

most African races, that the Lubare acted in the capacity of a private detective, always trying to find out their crimes and punish them for them. To propitiate the Lubare, offerings were made at various shrines, where lived the intermediaries between the spirit and the natural worlds. These intermediaries are called 'mandwas'; but that the people prayed to the spirit, or probably to the Creator, is a fact. A common expression after any good fortune has befallen a man, and he has been shaken by the hand by his friends and received their congratulations, is to say, 'Webale kusaba,' which is, 'Thank you for praying (for me).' The origin of the expression had nothing whatever to do with Christianity; it is merely a relic of their own Lubare worship, and was used to thank people for praying to the Lubare. They prayed, and went to the 'mandwa' for advice in all their undertakings, such as going to war, starting on a journey, and

even if they had no children. When a chief built a house, that house was always dedicated by the child of the 'sabadu' being sacrificed when the house was first entered after completion. The 'sabadu' was the head of the household servants.

All the implements shown in the illustration were used in connexion with spirit worship. The long brushes like mops were the property of an old witch called Tajuba, who died very recently. These are made of wood and cow-hide, and ornamented with beads and cowrie shells, the tops being feathers. They are really magic wands. The head-dress to the left is of basket-work and beads, and was donned by a medicine man when visiting a sick patient. Sickness was always attributed to some misdemeanour on the part of the sufferer, the sickness being the punishment inflicted by the Lubare. The drum and shield were beaten or shaken to drive away the spirit. The horns and

charms in the front of the picture had great magical value, and the shells and beads to the right of the picture were used by astrologers and fortune-tellers. The pack of cards, called 'ngato,' nine in number, were used very much in each 'kigwa' (house of the 'mandwa'). Each card is made of leather, and is engraved with different patterns, and these were shuffled and thrown down on the ground, much as dice are thrown, and the 'mandwa' was supposed to be able to tell by the way they fell what would be the future of the inquirer. Of course, for all these affairs the 'mandwa' demanded extortionate fees. The clay jar with the two branches, in the middle of the picture, was used in all human sacrifices, a liquid being put in, which all victims were made to drink of prior to being offered up.

A native came to me very recently and begged for a present of cowrie shells, because a 'mandwa' had threatened to bewitch him

LABARE INSTRUMENTS: MAGIC WANDS, HEAD-DRESS, SHIELD, DRUMS, HORNS AND CARDS.

if he did not produce a sum of money by a certain time, and he was intensely afraid of him. Natives often paid, and still pay, enormous sums of money, as much as 20,000 or 30,000 cowrie shells, for a charm to hang on their necks to protect them against spirits and disease. In some parts of the country the idea is prevalent that European missionaries have the power of bewitching people, and I was told by a chief, only in 1902, that whenever a missionary or a teacher came into the village, the cry went round, 'Lay in a stock of water. The European is coming to put medicine into the well to change our hearts and to make us read his religion.' For a long time people thought that the missionary drank their children's blood and ate the heart out of their dead chiefs. In one instance a missionary consented to have a building erected over the tomb of a big chief, close to the church, to prove to the people that he had

not eaten the heart of the chief, and so incensed the spirit, which they thought for a long time was the case.

Several Europeans are buried in the churchyard at Namirembe, and, as many of these were Government officials, one member of the Government sent up a sum of money to keep these graves in repair. A teacher was appointed to the task of superintending the work, for which he was paid. Many natives who had recently joined the Church saw the teacher walking about over the graves and digging up the weeds. He wanted assistance, but could get no one to help him, as the bystanders said he would be sure to incur the wrath of the spirit by walking about on dead men's graves, and that he would be sure to be very ill before long. It was a curious coincidence that about a week after the teacher was taken ill with fever. It was not by any means for the first time, as fever is

extremely common amongst natives; but a great many people asserted that his sickness was due to the fact that he had interfered with the Europeans' graves, and he found afterwards that it was quite impossible to get any labourer to help him to look after the burial-place. In the country districts, and especially in Bunyoro and Busoga, a little hut is the commonest form of spirit worship, and this is why most travellers say this is the only form of belief. This hut, or shrine, is made of grass and twigs, and in it is hung a snail shell, or a broken piece of pot is placed on the ground. Into these receptacles is put every day an offering of food or money, and unless this is constantly kept up, it is believed that the wrath of the spirit is sure to be incurred, and drought or failure of the crops is sure to be the result.

As specimens of the faces heathenism produces, these wives of Suna will suffice.

Suna was the father of King Mtesa, and one can scarcely imagine more repulsive features than the features of these two women—features produced by the lives they have lived. The one at the right hand of the picture has for some time been trying to read and to become a Christian, but it is no light matter for such people to change their old habits. Surely it was to such people as these our Saviour was referring when He said, 'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold. Them also I must bring, . . . and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.' He was speaking of such as these when He said, 'Feed My lambs, feed My sheep,' and to us is committed the work of bringing these lost sheep into His fold and giving them the Bread of Life.

There is a popular misconception with regard to the state of things in Uganda when Stanley first visited the country. He

TWO QUEENS OF KING SUNA AND THEIR ATTENDANTS.

found King Mtesa a heathen, certainly; but he found also that some coast natives, Swahilis or Arabs, had been in the country for some time, and that Mtesa, seeing them praying as Mohammedans, had been inquiring about the God to whom they prayed, and about His laws, and had been introduced to the Koran. He had been impressed with the fact that this religion was a step in advance of his own, and he had almost decided to accept it. So much so, that he had ordered all his important chiefs to be taught by these men, and had even gone so far as to order them to erect little mosques in each of their courtyards, and had told them that they and their people must become Mohammedans. Some of them profess to remain so now. Mtesa was in the position of a man who was very thirsty. He longed for something better than he had, and was like thirsty souls in the desert, who arrive at water, and are not very particular

whether the water is quite pure or not. If there is no better within reach, they will drink the muddy water, and be thankful for that. Hence Mtesa, until he heard of Christianity, partly embraced Mohammedanism; but Mohammedanism in Uganda is not what people imagine who read of it as practised by Arabs and Persians. We know many Mohammedans who never pray at all: we know many who are drunkards. They are only Mohammedans in name, and, were our staff of missionaries sufficiently great, it would not be long before there would be no more even so-called Mohammedans in Uganda, for they are not bigoted, as people suppose. They chiefly hold to that faith because it allows polygamy and a great deal of licence in other respects which Christianity forbids.

As is common with most African races, women are looked upon as slaves. They are made to provide food for the family, to

WOMAN CARRYING A HUGE LOAD OF FIREWOOD.

cultivate the garden, often to help clean the roads, to fetch all the firewood, to carry the water from the well, and, in fact, do all the drudgery of the house. The woman in our illustration, carrying firewood, had a load weighing over one hundredweight, which she had collected in the forests and carried some four miles to her home.

The increase in the population in Uganda is very small, not because the birth-rate is small, but because the death-rate is almost equal to it. It is difficult to say what is the proportion of infants' deaths; probably something more than eighty per cent. of the children die before they reach the age of ten years. This is partly due to the climatic conditions, partly to malaria, partly the results of the evil lives of their ancestors, but a great deal is due to neglect on the part of the mothers, who seem not to know how to rear their children. The very first thing that happens to a child within an hour of its birth is to

take it outside the house, put it on a plantain leaf, and wash it in cold water; it is then smeared over with butter. Most of the women grow and smoke their own tobacco, which is probably indigenous to the country. It grows very readily indeed, and is of good flavour.

A man desiring marriage has no thought of love in the matter. He simply makes a bargain with the chief or father of the object of his choice, and has to promise exactly what he will pay as a wedding portion, generally £2 to £3, the amount being much greater for chiefs, who can afford to pay.[1] He has also to state what presents of clothing he will give his wife and her parents, and to specify the exact amount of food and beer he will provide for the marriage feast, before he can obtain his wife. After marriage, if he should offend his wife, it

[1] A recent effort has been made to limit the sum to Rs.10 (=13*s.* 4*d.*) for non-chiefs.

is a common thing for her to leave him, go back to her father or her old chief; and the husband has to appear to answer to the charges laid against him by her, and pay a fine in accordance with the enormity of the offence. As the fine goes to the father of the wife, of course she is not allowed to return until the fine is paid.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE WORK OF THE MISSIONARIES

WHEN one considers the state of the Church in Uganda at the present day, it is difficult to realise that it was only thirty years ago, that is to say, in the year 1875, that Sir H. M. Stanley first visited Uganda, and was told by King Mtesa that he would like to have missionaries sent to his country. Our illustration will help us the better to realise this, for the man sitting on the chair is one of the first six men, or as they were then, boys, selected by King Mtesa to read with the first missionaries, Mackay and Smith, who did not arrive there till 1877 and 1878, roughly speaking,

CHIEF MUKUBNKWATA AND HIS SON, TWO OF MACKAY'S PUPILS.
THE REV. HENRY WRIGHT DUTA, WITH WIFE AND FAMILY.

twenty-seven years ago. The next picture shows Henry Wright Duta, or, as he is generally known by the natives, Kitakule, another of the first six, and these two men have been constant readers ever since. Still another of that early band is living in the neighbourhood of Ngogwe, some thirty-four miles from Mengo. Since then great changes have passed over the land. One now never hears the drum being beaten to call people to war, nor is the drum heard announcing that a human sacrifice is about to be offered, and victims are being caught on the roads. In place of these are the drums beaten every morning calling people to worship in the House of God. There are scattered throughout Uganda over 1,100 churches, all connected with the Church Missionary Society. In these churches 52,000 worshippers assemble every Sunday, and probably half that number day by day come for reading and for instruction. It is not that the people had no other

interests, for up to the year 1898 there was invariably a war going on somewhere, in which the Baganda were implicated. People almost always date their birthdays and other special events by saying, 'It happened in the year of such and such a war.'

The cathedral at Namirembe has been erected entirely at the cost of the natives, who have already expended considerably over £400 on it, and are doing still more. When the brick church was first suggested the natives held a council, and it was decided how much each member of the Church could afford to pay. All agreed that they would pay the share considered to be their due, and the money was very quickly promised, to the amount of over £700. It must be borne in mind that the Baganda are poor people; not one of the chiefs could be called really wealthy. This church is built of brick, and the inside of the roof very beautifully

decorated with reeds, the sewing on of which is marvellous. The roof is thatched with grass. It was found to be impossible to get sufficient level timber for such a big structure, and so it could not be covered with corrugated iron, there being no saw-mills in the country. Corrugated iron roofing cannot be used unless all the timbers are perfectly true.

The church will seat over 2,000 people; the men, according to custom, sitting down one side, and the women down the other. It is cruciform in shape, and is 220 feet long by 50 feet wide in the nave, the transepts each extending 50 feet beyond this. As a pleasing contrast to the old condition of things, when 3,000 victims were offered as sacrifices to the spirit of the king in one day, on the first Christmas Day after the opening, the number of people attending divine worship in this cathedral was 3,000. More than 500 of these could not gain

admittance, but sat outside the open doors, a common occurrence in Uganda, the doors and windows, on account of the heat, never being closed. This is very convenient for people with bad colds, who do not wish to disturb their fellow-worshippers. Of the 3,000, some 1019 stayed to Holy Communion, and the collection was over £7 sterling. Much of this was undoubtedly offered by the chiefs; but it must be remembered that the wages of a labouring man are only, roughly speaking, 1¼*d.* a day—that is, one hundred cowrie shells, which vary in value very considerably, and were at the time about eighty-eight to a penny.

Services had been held in the cathedral previous to this, the formal opening, when Bishop Tucker returned to Mengo early in December; but the first service of all was held whilst the church was still building. That was on June 26, the proposed coronation day of King Edward VII., for

we did not hear until eleven o'clock on that day that the coronation had been postponed. Our service was held at eight o'clock in the morning (about half-past five, English time), when the church was crowded to excess, an equal number of worshippers being seated in the churchyard, having failed to gain admittance. Altogether there were some 5,000 people present, and our next illustration shows this congregation dispersing.

Collections in these churches are always interesting, and are chiefly taken up in cowrie shells, which, though very bulky, it would seem at present are indispensable. The people willingly bring their offerings, and the money collected is used to pay native evangelists and pastors (of whom there are considerably more than 2,000) sent out year by year into the country districts. No English money is used to pay these men, nor is any money from the C.M.S. ever used to

pay for church building, or, indeed, for any Native Church expenses. If the Church in Uganda is to be a living Church, it must realise that it must pay all its own expenses, that it is the Church of the country, and not a Church to be supported by English funds.

Just a word or two in passing about the cowrie shell currency. There are great numbers of Indian rupees and pice in the country, which are being largely used; but the natives must have something of a very small value. For instance, a man can buy sufficient tobacco for the day for one or two cowrie shells, of which, say, twenty-two go to a farthing, or if he wants a meal of bananas or plantains he can buy sufficient for five cowrie shells. He could not, therefore, afford to pay one pice for these commodities, as one pice equals a farthing. The Government sacrificed some £7,000 sterling by burning cowries to the amount, some time

1. CONGREGATION LEAVING MENGO CATHEDRAL.
2. COUNTING THE COLLECTION.

ago, to try and get rid of the shells, but so far they have found it an impossibility to prevent their use. The natives like them because they can hang the strings round their necks, or hang them up in their houses. Having no pockets, they find small coins a great difficulty, and when they get home, where there are no cupboards, and no means of storing the coins, excepting on their bedsteads, they are constantly dropping the coins about and getting them lost amongst the grass on the house floor, which is often very thick indeed.

Although I am not dealing at length with the difficulties and drawbacks attending the work of the Mission, it is not, of course, to be supposed that there are none. Where is the Church which is not attended by many drawbacks and many downfalls, and does not own many disappointing members? If you visit our prison-yards in Uganda you will find among the prisoners men who call

themselves Christians; but if you visit prison-yards in England you will find precisely the same thing. People at home are very illogical, and when they hear that a native Christian has fallen into sin they are very ready to exclaim, 'What! a Christian in Uganda to fall away and commit a sin of that nature?' whilst they altogether forget that it is not Christianity which keeps many so-called Christians in England from falling into sin, but, to a very large extent, public opinion and the fear of exposure. It would seem that a very much larger proportion of people are deterred from sin because of their friends than the number of those who can say, with Joseph, 'How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?'

The difficulty nowadays in Uganda is that the railway has made it possible for a great many adventurers to come up, prospectors and traders. Many of these

are Indians and Goanese,[1] and the example of some, I might say many, is not at all conducive to steadfastness and morality among the Baganda. Nor is the example of some Englishmen what it ought to be, considering that they come from Christian England. The same must be said with regard to some of the Germans. I have heard it observed by the native Christians of several Europeans, 'Why should we be compelled to have such men sent up here? We have no men amongst ourselves who would live worse lives than these men live.'

These points are of the more importance because we are in the midst of a time of testing and trial. The fact that the country has been re-divided under the

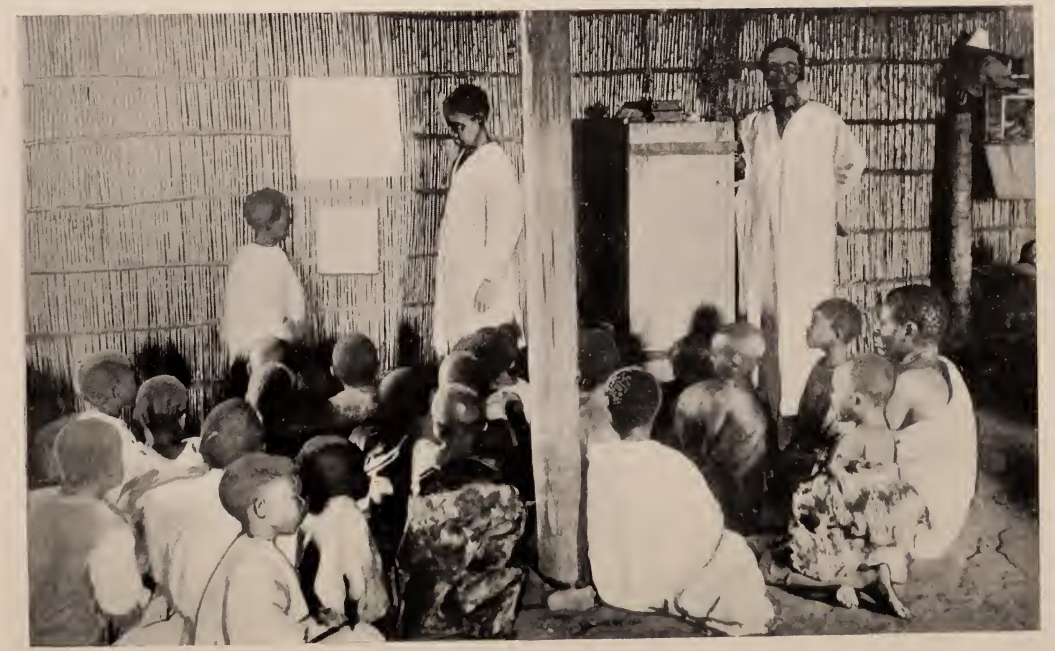
[1] Goa is a Portuguese colony on the west coast of India, some distance north of Bombay, and the Portuguese, having intermarried with Indians, have produced a race of half-castes, who are usually called Goanese. Many of them are professing Roman Catholics.

terms of the new treaty has greatly upset all our congregations. Chiefs and their followers having been removed *en masse* to different parts of the country, and now a man no longer becomes a Christian because his chief is a Christian, for he need no longer remain the servant of a chief unless he wishes to do so, and there is not nearly so much to be looked for in the way of position as there used to be when a man became a Christian. The young Church of Uganda, started only twenty-nine years ago, needs very much prayer at the present time, that it may not fall away from its first love.

It must be remembered that it is practically only since 1890 that any settled work has been done; for in all the early part of Mwanga's reign it was impossible to tell for two days at a time what attitude he would adopt towards the Church, and I need not say that his attitude was chiefly

that of a hinderer. One of the most pleasing features of the work in Uganda now is the great desire the people are showing for furthur education. For a long time the Christian natives have felt that there was something for them beyond what they had already learned, and, over and over again, leading men such as Henry Wright Duta and Bartolomayo Musoke had begged Bishop Tucker and Archdeacon Walker, the secretary of the Mission, and others on the staff to commence schools other than those for Scripture alone. The limited staff at the disposal of the Bishop did not allow of this until after the year 1897. Early in the year 1898 schools were started in Mengo and one or two other centres on a very small scale, and these have been since developed. The natives come for instruction, not because they are compelled to do so, but because they enjoy coming, and no severer punishment can

be inflicted on the older scholars than to forbid them coming to school for a week or two, until they learn better behaviour; though cases of insubordination are very rare.



THE MENGO INFANTS' CLASS—LEARNING TO READ THE ALPHABET.

## CHAPTER V

### AT SCHOOL AT MENGO

I PROPOSE to speak more especially of the school in Mengo, with which we have had most to do. One of our pictures shows an infants' class learning to read the alphabet. It sounds to a newcomer rather a noisy performance to have one pupil calling out the name of a letter, and all the class repeating it after him, but it is not disturbing to the native ear. Many of our children can read extremely well by the time they are six or seven years of age, and it is a curious thing that most children can read with the book turned upside down or sideways, just as

well as if they were reading properly. The reason for this is that in country districts, where most of the children reside for at least a part of the year, reading is usually taught from the small reading-book called the *Mateka*, and, as the children are very poor, only the teacher possesses a copy. This he holds for his own convenience the right way up, but as his pupils sit round him in a semicircle they look on the book inverted or sideways, with the result that they learn to read in these ways as they change their position day by day, and later on, when they possess a book of their own, they hold it in the proper way.

This habit is often a great convenience, for, in church, if a man has not a hymn-book, but the worshipper standing behind him has one, he simply turns right round, looks the man behind him in the face, deciphers his hymn-book upside-down, and

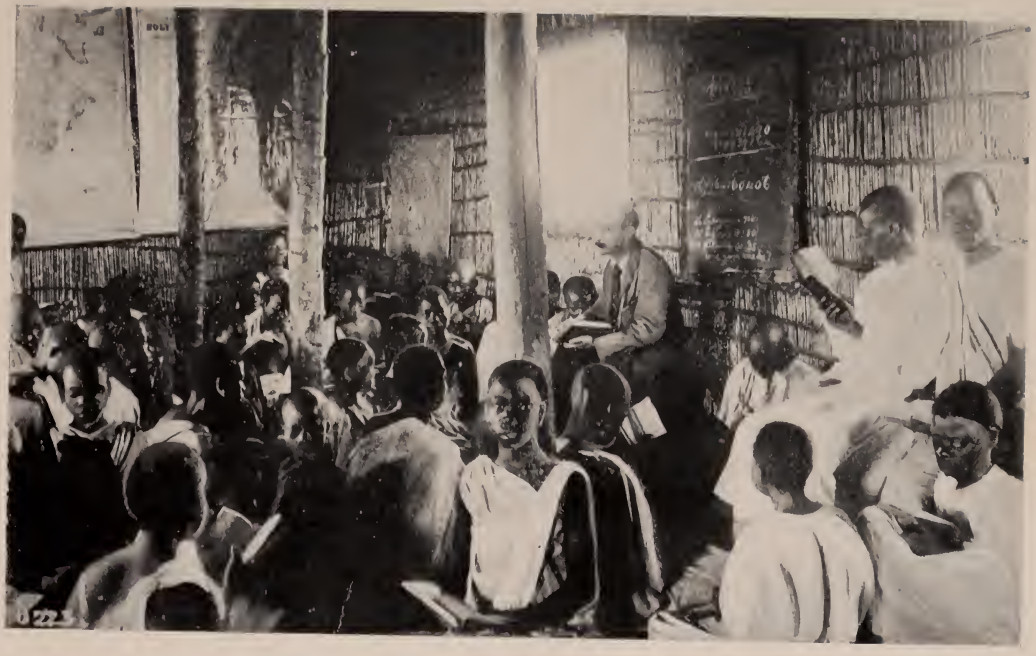
sings the hymn. It saves some trouble in passing books about.

As soon as children can read they are taught the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, a number of Gospel texts, and then they are taken on to St. Matthew's and St. John's Gospels. They next have to learn a very long catechism, and must pass a stiff examination in all these subjects before they can be baptized, unless, of course, they are the children of Christian parents, and so baptized in infancy; but even then, before they can be confirmed they must know the subjects mentioned, with the addition of the Gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles. In all our schools our first object is, of course, being missionaries, to give the children a really good, Scriptural education. From 8 to 9.30 a.m. the teaching is wholly Biblical, commencing with Scriptural repetition, followed by an address to the school

on one of a series of topics. Then comes the breaking up into small classes for teaching, reading, and for Scriptural exposition. The teaching of reading is always carried on in the Bible only. Our illustration shows the head Bible class in the boys' school at Mengo, from which class teachers are taken for all the junior classes, as only one European is in charge of the school, and the number of boys for the Scriptural part averages two hundred.

Taking a Bible class in Uganda is very interesting work, for one always feels that the pupils are there, not merely as readers, but as students. I think the best way of showing the intelligence of the pupils is to give in detail a few of the questions which have been asked by members of this class.

A small boy of eleven, when we were reading the story of the Flood, asked, 'Sir, it says here that Noah took two animals of each kind into the ark, and that he brought



MR. HATTERSLEY'S SENIOR BIBLE CLASS IN THE MENGO BOYS' SCHOOL.

them out again, and that of them was the whole earth overspread. It says again that he took food for all animals; now, if he only took two in, and he brought two out, not counting the sacred animals, on what did he feed lions and leopards and dogs, which only eat flesh?' The one reply to such a question was, 'We cannot tell; but it says that Noah took food for all the animals, hence we must assume that he took food suited to each kind of animal.'

They not only want to know such things as these, but they want to know a great many details which cannot always be supplied. For instance, one boy asked, 'Who took the seven baskets of food left over after the miracle of feeding the five thousand on the mountain? Did the people, or did the disciples?' And again, 'What was the boy's name out of whom the disciples could not cast out the devil at the foot of the hill, after the Transfiguration?'

Again, a teacher was asked, 'What kind of oil did the Good Samaritan put on the man's wounds?' In another case, when they got to the passage, 'As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began,' and it was mentioned that Adam was really the first prophet, the pupil replied, 'Well, I agree to that, but it puzzles me to understand who he prophesied to before Eve was created, and yet it says, "since the world began."'

If a teacher goes unprepared to a class in Uganda, he will probably regret it before he is through his lesson, for the natives do not believe in passing over a passage because it is difficult. They want to know all that it is possible to find out about the Word of God, and if at times the teacher cannot answer the question, the interrogator usually says, 'Well, never mind now; go on with the lesson, and when you have finished I will go home with you, and perhaps you

will look it up in your books and tell me what they say about it.' Even if they do not say this, it usually happens that you will find the boy sitting outside the door shortly after you reach home, and on inquiring as to his business, he says, 'I am just come down to ask if you will please explain from your books what I asked you about in school.'

The intelligence of the Baganda is quite equal to that of Englishmen; it is only a question of training. They learn to write in an incredibly short space of time, whilst they stick at and master arithmetic in a way that many Englishmen would be pleased to copy. From 9.30 to 10.30 we have, in Mengo Boys' School, a very large increase in our attendance, youths and men from other Bible classes swelling our number to 450, 500, 540. The daily average is 450 from Tuesday to Friday, on Saturday there are not so many. Some thousands have

been taught writing and arithmetic at this school.

Arithmetic we take as far as vulgar fractions and percentages, which will enable the lads who desire to become Government clerks to transfer Indian coinage into sterling, cowrie shells into Indian currency, and so on. It proves a source of astonishment to many people to see how smart the boys are in working out very difficult examples after very short periods of teaching, many lads in two years' time having gone from simple addition to very difficult vulgar fractions.

English is taught to boys specially selected by the Church Council as likely to benefit by it and be a credit to the Mission. We do not want to teach English to boys who are only Christians in name. They might go off as servants to Government men, saying that they know English, and have been taught in C.M.S. mission schools, inferring thereby that they are Christians and honest,

and yet proving by their lives that they are neither Christians nor honest, and thus becoming a reproach to the Mission. We do not want to Anglicise the people at all, but we believe it is necessary to teach a number of them English; indeed, the Mission has been specially requested by the Administration to teach English in their schools. There is work for this people. God has some special purpose in view in having raised up the Baganda in the middle of Africa to take such an interest in the Gospel. It would seem that this object is, that they should become missionaries to all the surrounding nations.

This, indeed, the Baganda are quite willing to be, and have already been so to a limited extent; but before they can rule and govern their own Church, and learn how to make it self-supporting, self-governing, and self-extending, there must be some well-educated men amongst them. It is neither necessary

nor advisable that all the literature they ought to have access to should be translated into their own language, and the simpler plan appears to be to teach a number of them English, and let them have access to our stores of literature. Then, again, there is every reason why those books which need translating into Luganda should be done by the natives; for no matter how good an Englishman may be at the language, he can never hope to attain to such proficiency in idiom as a native. It is always difficult for an Englishman to think as a native thinks, and to look at things from the same standpoint. The whole up-bringing of the white man is against it. Again, before they can become missionaries, natives must know something of the formation of a language, as it would be necessary in many of the surrounding countries to reduce the languages to writing. Many of the languages spoken near the Nile are entirely different from

Luganda in formation, not being Bantu languages at all; and it is necessary to show the Baganda that all languages are not founded on the same principles as their own.

Afternoons in school have been devoted chiefly to elder scholars and intending pupil teachers, and a variety of subjects have been taught—Scriptural and general knowledge, including a little geography, astronomy, physiology, anatomy, and so on—all useful in expanding the native mind. At home, in the evenings after school, we have had pupil teachers, and given short Bible expositions, with very profitable results.

It is always a pleasure to missionaries to receive visits from their young pupils, and to receive trifling presents of a few coffee beans, or a few eggs, or a fowl, not for the value of the things received, but as an assurance that the pupils have regard for them, and that the affections are being won. The Baganda are naturally unselfish, and many

instances of this are afforded. When children come to the house they do not care for sweets, but if you will give them a little salt in the palm of their hand they thoroughly enjoy eating it. Yet never will you see one of a group eat all his salt. He invariably passes it round, for all his companions to have a taste with him. On one occasion a child who had received a slate pencil in response to his request, made the remark, 'Oh! I did not think you would give me a whole one; but, now you have, I can break it up into five pieces and give each of my little friends here a piece,' which he immediately did.

The next illustrations will show what a variety of scholars we have to deal with. The boys at the back, though tall, are not so old as might be imagined. In tropical countries everything grows quickly, and boys of seventeen are practically men. Many of these older ones have been coming

A GROUP OF SCHOLARS IN THE MENGO BOYS' SCHOOL.

to school a far shorter time than the younger ones, and, in many cases, know less. They are being trained, some as teachers, some as clerks, or store-keepers, for the most part for chiefs, but some few intend to try for situations under the Administration. Some are drafted off to our Industrial Mission, and are taught trades. Many of them, some only 10 or 12 years of age, hold important chieftainships, and will be great men in the country in a few years' time. For them especially we would ask much prayer, that they may learn to rule their people in a Christ-like way.

The old man of sixty and the young boy of three both began to read about the same time, though the old man has made far quicker progress than the child. One of the most pleasing features of work in Uganda is to see the way each one wants to hand on to some other what he himself has been taught. It is probable that, to

some extent, this is the outcome of vanity, and a desire to show off; but it is to a far greater extent, in many cases, a desire to do something to show the love they have for their Saviour, when once they realise His love for them.

When Christ restored sight to the blind and performed other miracles, we are told that those receiving benefit desired to follow Him and to serve Him; and this is so in Uganda. When a Buganda has received his sight and come out of darkness into light, as a rule, he desires to show his faith by his works. This has been especially marked in the way in which our attendance has increased in the school. In the early days we noticed an increase of more than a hundred after one Christmas holiday, and we found that many pupils had spent most of their holidays in telling others of what they had learned, with the result that their hearers were induced to come to

1. SOME NOTABLE PUPILS.—*A Prince; An Old Chief.*

2. A BOY TEACHING AN OLD MAN OF SIXTY TO READ.

school with them on their return. A most pleasing sight it was, in two instances, to see fathers sitting in a class being taught writing and arithmetic by their own sons, aged respectively twelve and seventeen, the fathers not considering it at all *infra dig.* A boy teaching an old man to read, and explaining to him difficult passages in the Gospel, is always a pleasing picture, and one always feels full of joy to see the lads so willing to pass on to others the teaching one has been privileged to impart to them.

## CHAPTER VI

### TRAVELLING IN UGANDA

WHILST it is not possible to describe in detail the work throughout the country, I can at least give an outline of the daily work of missionaries.

The country could not be called tropical as a whole, but scenery in most of the valleys is certainly so, as there is a plentiful supply of moisture and constant heat. Aerial locomotion would be a great boon to Uganda, for roads are a difficulty. To main centres there are, indeed, roads, the bridges of which are usually kept in repair ; but most of our missionaries must travel a great deal to get to country churches in villages, which often lie considerably off the beaten track.

Although it is probably a fact that the country of Uganda is almost on a dead level, it is, nevertheless, very hilly, a good proportion of its surface being covered with short lumpy hills, and the valleys between these are almost invariably swamps or rivers. The rivers usually become swamps because the incline of the land is so gradual that the water cannot flow away quickly enough, and often spreads over a large area.

It is an easy matter to bridge over these shallow rivers, excepting in the stronger part of the stream. The usual plan in making a bridge is to beat down the grass and reeds, or the papyrus stems, and to throw on a lot of loose earth, which is kept in position by a double reed wall, very fragile indeed, and easily washed away by one severe storm. The stronger part of the stream, usually not more than a few feet in width, is bridged over with the stems of palms, but when the river rises, after a heavy fall

of rain, these palm poles are often washed away, and it becomes a somewhat difficult matter to cross. The larger rivers present a greater difficulty, as the natives have, so far, learnt nothing of permanent bridging. Their usual plan is to beat down the stem of the papyrus, which floats on the top of the water, the roots growing together as if locked, and over these to throw a few sticks or twigs, making a floating bridge, not too safe, but affording a means of crossing.

The animals, birds, insects, and reptiles to be found in the streams and forests supply any amount of material for any number of entomologists, zoologists, ornithologists, and bacteriologists.

There are snakes of every description; many of them non-poisonous, and all anxious to get out of the way of human beings. But the snakes make their way into houses, generally in search of rats and lizards, upon which they feed, and one does not feel too comfort-

able, when, as in the case of a missionary, a snake lives in a hole under his writing-table. He knew it must be there, though never saw it. The only proof was, that annually the snake slipped out of its skin and left the discarded skin in the room, and this happened year after year.

The python is known in Uganda, so, too, is a snake in the north, of which the natives tell us, but which appears, so far, to be unknown to zoologists. The native story is, that it does not crawl along the ground; that it is much longer than a python, and rears itself up when walking to a height of eight or ten feet; that it makes a great noise as it pushes its way through the grass; that it does not consume its victims as the python, but chews the flesh, as a dog does. We have only native evidence for this.

Mice and small rats are innumerable; as are lizards. They infest houses of natives and Europeans alike. The presence of so

many rats, which can only be kept down by a cat or by having snakes on the premises —the latter not a pleasant precaution—is sometimes a source of amusement as well as annoyance. On one occasion a missionary, travelling in a recently opened-up district and sleeping in a temporary house, built of grass and reeds, according to custom put his false teeth on a box at the side of his bed. When he awoke in the morning he looked for his teeth, but they were not to be found. After hunting all over the premises for nearly an hour, he at last discovered them at the top of a rat-hole, down which they would undoubtedly have been dragged, but that the hole was too small to admit the palate. The rats evidently thought that they had found a new kind of food.

The number of jumping creatures it is impossible to count. They vary in size from the jigger, smaller than a flea, up to

a locust. It is quite impossible to attempt to keep the house free from them, and one hears a constant flip, flip, as they jump about in the room. There are numbers of spiders, some of which appear to have no body at all, and others with big bodies and big eyes, quite different from anything one has ever seen in England. There are beetles of every size imaginable, from the smallest ladybird to beetles as large as one's fist.

The larger animals dangerous to life, lions and leopards, are very plentiful in most parts, but are not often found near to the main centres. Down in the south, in the country of Ankole, lions abound. The people have great herds of cattle, and the lions come round almost every night and try to steal them. The natives are not at all afraid of these beasts, and rarely attempt to spear them or to fire a gun. If they did, and they wounded the lion, they would probably get the worst of the fight. They have found

by experience that the simpler plan is to hit the lion a blow with a stick, of which the king of beasts is just as much afraid as is a terrier dog, and he runs away immediately with his tail between his legs. The lion is by no means the brave animal he is usually supposed to be, though dangerous enough when cornered or wounded and fighting for his life.

It may be generally stated as a fact that one never need be afraid of animals in the ordinary way of travel. If you will let them alone, they are only too glad to let you alone, and to rush out of your way as fast as possible. It is extremely difficult to catch sight of animals at all, except at a distance. Elephants, though not by any means scarce, can rarely be seen, though you can follow their path, which is very evident when newly made, as they trample down a wide space through the long grass. Natives have to be extremely careful in walking where

elephants have been, for their spoor is full of thorns, owing to the nature of the food they eat, they being specially fond of mimosa and thorn trees, and the natives constantly get these thorns in their feet. It is rarely necessary for missionaries to carry a gun, unless they wish to shoot birds for food; for protection, it is not necessary in most parts of Uganda, though some people think it is probably an advantage in many of the outlying districts.

The timber in many of the forests is varied, and often of very good and useful quality. Some trees attain an enormous size, and produce fine planks. The difficulty has been always, that there were no means of hauling logs any distance from the forests. Planks had to be hewn from the tree in the forest, and then conveyed by porters to their destination; but saw-mills are now being taken up. Trees will be cut down in the vicinity of the lake, and floated on

the lake to the saw-mill, so that we may hope before very long to have a plentiful supply of wood. It is an interesting fact that the railway to Uganda has been unable to use wooden sleepers, because of the voracity of the white ants. Iron sleepers from England are at present in use. The timber most commonly employed resembles box, beech, and similar hard woods. No doubt there are many soft woods, such as pine, but we have not seen these much in use. The white ants have a great fancy for all sorts of non-resinous timber.

Travelling is usually accomplished on foot, though cycles are a help when the country is anything like level. Horses, mules, and donkeys do not appear to be able to live very long. In most parts of Uganda cattle do not thrive, though they do fairly well; but draught animals appear to suffer from want of good fodder, and in many cases have died from what the

natives say is snake-bite. One thing is certain—that they mostly die within a very few years of their arrival in the country, and the cause has not yet been discovered.

Cycling has many difficulties, not only the hills, but the narrow paths with grass from one foot to ten or twelve feet high, the higher grass or reeds at times almost shutting out the sunlight, and, in the narrow paths, holes and roots prove a source of great annoyance and danger. It is not comfortable when the brake gives way, or when one loses control of the pedals, in descending one of the numerous hills; for, as already described, each valley is a swamp or a river, and, the bridge being exceedingly narrow and very difficult to cross, riding becomes a real source of danger. It is a common experience to find the path over the bridge much of the same formation as the back of a cow. When the path is at all damp, it is very easy to skid on

the sloping sides and be precipitated with the bicycle, if not into the river, into the reeds and rushes and mud, the depth of which is very uncertain.

When making up a bridge the natives usually take out the earth from the bank close to the side of the road, and these pits cannot be seen when the grass begins to grow again. One traveller, losing control of his machine descending the hill, thought the best plan to save his neck was to turn aside into the long grass ; but, to his dismay, he rode into one of these pits. It was deep, but narrow. The front wheel of his bicycle struck the far side, and the rear wheel remained on the near side, the weight of the rider breaking the frame of the bicycle clean in two, and the rider falling between the two wheels into the bottom of the hole. A severe shaking was the only result to him, but not to his bicycle.

It is a common thing for a bridge to be washed away in the course of one storm; and one rider coming in to Mengo in the afternoon and returning next morning to his station, quite forgot that there had been a severe storm during the night. Crossing a bridge which was perfect the previous day, he suddenly found himself floundering in six feet of water, having ridden straight into the place where the bridge should have been. The difficulty is increased when there is neither bridge nor ferry across the swamps, as is often the case in outlying districts. Then one has recourse to human porterage.

It is not a costly luxury to be carried on a man's shoulders; for the man only charges about eighteen pence a week to accompany you and carry you over swamps, and out of the eighteen pence he finds his own food. Such porterage is a matter of necessity. Nothing is more dangerous than to plunge

into a swamp or a river when wet with perspiration after a long walk or ride, and then to remain, as must be the case, for a considerable time in damp clothes. It will probably mean a severe attack of fever, if not loss of life. It is a good thing to be small in Africa, a small person having much less difficulty in getting carried; but even small ones do not experience comfortable feelings when the water reaches up to the waist or armpits of the carrier, and one knows that one false step would pitch you into the evil-smelling, black, muddy waters. It is much more difficult for a heavy person, and the simpler plan for such is to get three men to carry him across, the leader taking charge of the feet on his shoulders, and the two rear porters supporting the weight of the body, an arm being placed round each of their necks. Where the water is deep the extremities remain dry, but not always the

middle garments, as it is very difficult to keep the body rigid during a lengthy passage.

Porters can rarely do more than fifteen miles a day, unless the journey be only for a day or two. Arrived in camp, they have to fetch water, collect firewood, and often go as much as two or three miles to buy their own food. It is very inadvisable to have to do these things after dark—and darkness always comes on at 6·30, after half an hour's twilight. These men carry 65 lb. quite easily, and many of them are so strong that they can go ten or fifteen miles without a rest. There are numbers of men in the country who can carry 100 to 120 lb. on their heads for miles; but the Government fixed limit is 65 lb.

Young travellers should never leave the making up of their provision boxes to a native boy without supervision. It is very inconvenient to find at the first camp that

matches or soap or tea or salt have been forgotten. One does not realise what a necessity such small articles are until it is impossible to get them. I have known at least one man who had to go supperless to bed, and a whole camp had to be pitched in the dark, because he did not know in which box his matches were, and could not find them in the dark. The nearest dwelling was more than two miles away, and it was raining very heavily. These are not hardships of travelling in Africa; they are the fruits of carelessness.

1. THE READING ROOM OF A VILLAGE CHURCH.
2. A COUNTRY CHURCH, NAKANYUNYI.

## CHAPTER VII

### CHURCHES AND TEACHERS

MISSIONARIES travel firstly to open up new ground, and secondly to visit country Churches and congregations and see what work is being done. Our picture shows a church in a little village, where the work has just commenced, and is in charge of a native evangelist sent out by the Church Council. This is a little temporary hut built by the natives, in which they can learn to read; but the churches do not long remain of such a meagre character as this. As the work extends, so the churches are improved, and our next illustration will show a church in a well-worked district. These buildings are

put up by the natives at their own cost, and with their own labour, the architect, for a building of this size, usually being a European. The interiors are often very beautiful, as will be seen in the picture of the church at Mitiana. The architect of this was the Rev. H. W. Tegart, a European missionary; and very proud the natives are that they are taught to build such handsome places. The poles are covered with reeds, light yellow in appearance; the black marks are the sewing with the bark of a small shrub, which is very strong; with it each reed is individually sewn on.

At these places the work is carried on for the most part by natives, supervised by one European, sometimes with his wife, sometimes with two lady missionaries attached to the station, as in the case of Ngogwe, Ndege, Iganga; but more often Europeans do not number more than two.

THE INTERIOR OF MITIANA CHURCH.

The native teachers attached to these places are sent out in the first instance by the country Church, and paid from its funds ; after which, if found suitable, they go into Mengo for further training, and are then drafted off into various districts. Very faithful many of them are. From amongst the more faithful are selected, eventually, native pastors, of whom there are now nearly thirty ; but it must not be supposed that the native ministry has any men who could rank in education with men in England. The early work increased so rapidly, that Europeans were not nearly numerous enough to man all the stations, and natives had to be ordained to take charge of districts. They are very faithful men, so far as their light allows. They do not work for any advantage they gain in pay over the ordinary labourer ; for the average wage of a teacher is not more than 15*s.* a year and a garden on which to grow his food, and ordained natives rarely

get more than £2 a year. Yet chiefs have, in numerous instances, given up their chieftainships, or left them in the hands of a steward, and gone off themselves to preach the Gospel. The teacher shown in our illustration is one of these. His name is Lugunba, and his chieftainship is close to the ferry from Uganda to Usoga, where all the early travellers crossed into Uganda.

One instance will show what these teachers are willing to undergo. Some have been sent in the past to Nasa, at the south of the lake, and one of these, returning in a canoe to Uganda, was asked what kind of a journey he had had. The journey occupies, by canoe, from fourteen to twenty days, according to the weather.

He replied, 'Oh! pretty good, though one day we did have rather a bad time. A great storm came on, and the canoe capsized. I was thrown into the water along with all the crew, and I sank twice; but just

LUGUMBA, A CHIEF WHO RELINQUISHED HIS POSITION TO BECOME A TEACHER.

as I was sinking a third time I caught hold of a bale of cloth which was floating on the surface of the water, and I held on to that. The paddlers all clung to the overturned canoe until the storm abated, and then they righted it, and we all got in again.'

'Well,' said his interrogator, 'how about your clothes and books?'

'Oh!' he replied, 'I lost them all. I have got nothing now but what you see me in.' He did not ask for compensation. It had not occurred to him that he could get it if he did. Travelling in Africa is always liable to be accompanied with danger and loss, and natives think little or nothing of it.

On another occasion, a teacher trained as a schoolmaster for two years had progressed well with English, reading, writing, and arithmetic, and was known to be a thoroughly upright and reliable Christian. A Government officer offered him a clerkship in his office at a salary of £24 a year, with

an advance very shortly to a much higher sum.

The youth replied, 'I would very much like to be a clerk, sir; but I have been trained as a teacher, and I prefer to be a Christian teacher to being a clerk.'

He knew that he would never get more than 20*s.* a year for a very long time to come as a teacher, and probably less than that; he was at the time looking forward to being married in the near future. This will show that the Baganda are not afraid of exercising a little self-denial for their Saviour's sake.

The natives are scarcely what could be called eloquent preachers, though they are very versatile. There is a great deal of repetition in their addresses, and they need much training before they preach really useful sermons; but this remark does not apply to everybody. There are many individuals who can be termed good preachers. It is not in the country districts thought at

all improper to preach long sermons. On one of the islands a native preached so long that, looking out of the window when he had finished, and seeing the position of the sun, he said, 'My friends, the time has passed away quickly, and the day is advanced. It is almost time for the afternoon service. Is it not well that we go on with that, whilst we are here?' This all the congregation agreed to.

Another man had a habit at the afternoon service of looking out of the window to see the position of the sun, and rarely thought of stopping until the sun was setting. But it must not be supposed that all the Baganda are fond of long sermons. Certainly they are not in the capital.

In many country churches, where the worshippers live several miles distant, the majority of them, after morning service, simply sit in a little house erected near the church and wait for the afternoon service,

sometimes eating a little food they have brought with them, but more often fasting until they reach home in the evening. Many chiefs have a 'mwima' (cowman) come to church at mid-day with a jar or calabash of milk, which sustains them until after the afternoon service.

CHRISTIAN BOYS IN UGANDA.

CHRISTIAN YOUNG WOMEN IN UGANDA.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SOME RESULTS OF CHRISTIANITY

Now I will try to show, with the help of a few pictures, the difference Christianity has made to the people. Books written by others have told of what the European Administration has done and is doing; and I desire to give the British Government Officials full credit for the vast number of improvements they have introduced, or helped the chiefs and missionaries to introduce, into the country. No doubt the imposition of the hut tax and the gun tax has made the people work to a limited extent; but the fact must not be overlooked that the native Governments have always imposed a hut or

poll tax on the people, and the values of this and the one imposed by the Administration are not very widely different.

It does always strike people very forcibly that, whilst coming from within ten miles of Mombasa at the coast, right up to Uganda, the whole of the inhabitants of the country are savages in appearance and in most of their habits ; yet, when one comes to Uganda, the people are found to be clothed and in their right minds. When Sir H. M. Stanley saw the photographs of the two Christian boys here presented, he exclaimed, ' Do you know, this is exactly what I have always noticed throughout Africa. The Christian natives have not the hunted, fearful expression of countenance that the heathen have. The Christians have a brighter, more intelligent, and more solid expression.' These boys have been brought up as Christians for several years, though the one at the right hand, as a child, was carried away from

BARK CLOTH: 1. STRIPPING OFF THE BARK.
2. BEATING IT OUT.

Unyoro and sold as a slave in Uganda. It is always a joy to feel that one has been privileged to have the bringing up of such lads, and to think of what their future might have been, but for the influence of Christ in their lives. Certainly, they well repay the teaching expended on them.

In the faces of our Christian women, too, may be seen a difference, and the illustration will show that even at the very earliest age their children are taught to go to God's House, for this picture was taken just outside a church. The kindly disposition of the lads could be instanced in many ways, but one will serve to show that they would set an example to English children in some things. One of them served a master who owned a dog. When the dog was taken with distemper and lying near to death, the lad sat beside it and moistened its mouth with water every few minutes until it died. It is a rare thing

to see a Christian lad in Uganda ill-treat a dumb animal.

Then, Christianity has made an enormous difference in the dress of the people. Sir H. M. Stanley, on his first visit, noticed the people better clothed than their neighbours. Their clothing was, for the most part, the bark of a tree, just as is worn by the man in the illustration, which shows him stripping off the bark of a common wild fig tree, full of rubber sap, for the purpose of making one of these cloths. When stripped off, the bark is taken into a hut, laid on a log of wood let into the ground for solidity, and then is hammered out with a ribbed wooden mallet, which spreads it until it becomes almost like cloth, though more like leather in texture. This was the national dress, varied by sheep and goat skins, which the natives are very clever at tanning. But these dresses will not wash, and Christians consider that they should dress

A CHRISTIAN WEDDING GROUP, SHOWING THE DRESS OF THE DAY.

in a more cleanly style. The picture of the wedding group shows the difference, and what they prefer. The cloths are mostly calico, the cheaper kind imported from America and India; the better kind, some from America, some from England. The picture shows a great deal more than an improvement in dress. The women, having been treated as slaves, were never, until recently, even on their wedding day, allowed to walk home with their husbands. The bride and her maids usually passed out of one door, and the bridegroom, with his followers, usually passed out of the opposite door of the church, each going to their respective homes. The bride was taken to the husband in the evening, after having been plentifully smeared with butter. Then for the next few weeks she spent her time in weeping, or pretending to weep, and receiving the condolences of her friends that she had become the slave of a man, notwithstanding

the fact that in many instances the bride had made great efforts to secure the husband. That sort of thing is dying out under the influence of Christianity. The bride is allowed to take her husband's arm, and together they go to one home and one marriage feast, and receive the congratulations of their friends.

Many chiefs now allow their wives to live in the same house as themselves, though the custom of the country is, that the wife of a chief shall occupy a separate house. She may never feed with her lord, though she may sit behind him and replenish his cup with beer when it is empty; but she may not call on him, except at certain times, and then she kneels down before him and asks him how he is and if he slept well—the customary salutation of the country. The chief whose photo is shown here regards his wife not as his slave, but as his wife, and to all appearances thinks as much

THE REV. AND MRS. Z. KIZITO, A CHRISTIAN CHIEF AND HIS WIFE.

of her as many Christian Englishmen think of their wives. She sits at table with him for meals, and together they eat with knives and forks and European table utensils generally. This is the result of Christianity. Polygamy was, and is, common amongst the heathen and Mohammedans. A Christian is married in church to one wife. Undoubtedly it is a very hard matter for a man who has had half a dozen wives to give them all up but one when he is baptized; but it is a remarkable and wonderful testimony to the power of Christ's Gospel that such men receive strength to do this; and that strength is made perfect in weakness has been often borne out during the progress of the Gospel in Uganda. Unmarried men are not looked on with much respect in Uganda, and one boy quite decided that St. Paul must have been a married man, for, he said, 'Otherwise he could never have obtained a seat on any council of the Jews. At least,'

said the boy, 'that is so in our country. A bachelor is never listened to, in fact, he is scarcely known, and could not, in any case, get a chieftainship, or occupy any position of influence in the country.'

Christianity has also made the people work, because they feel that they must have better clothing, better houses to live in, some furniture, and a greater variety of food, and these things act as an incentive in making them work. Many of them are learning to be bricklayers and brickmakers, and numbers have been taught by the industrial missionaries in building the new cathedral in Mengo and in building houses. The Industrial Mission has also instructed a number of carpenters and joiners ; some blacksmithing has been taught ; and printers, who are now working in the Government printing office at Entebe, have learned their trade in the same way. The boys learn composing and making-up in

printing very quickly, and a great deal of printing, including that of the books required in the Mission, is done at the Industrial Mission. There is also a monthly paper, called *Uganda Notes*, printed in English, though the boys do not know much of that language. Then, again, numbers of men are engaged in trade, selling cloth, and trading in various kinds of native products—baskets, skins, mats, growing fruit for sale, collecting eggs and fowls in the country and selling them in the towns, making harps and walking-sticks, a few of them weaving a common cotton, many of them growing cotton, collecting rubber, coffee beans, and in many ways trying to earn a respectable living. For many years there have been numbers of native blacksmiths. Iron is found in large quantities in the country, and the natives are very clever at smelting. As it is so often heated in charcoal, during the process it becomes carbonised, and of the nature of a

soft steel. This the natives make into knives and what they call razors, the anvil being a stone, and the hammer a long piece of iron, the bellows very crude—just native pots, with pieces of goat skin and a stick to blow with attached to the top—the blast produced being very weak. These men are improving themselves in many ways, and getting taught by various Europeans in the country, and many men who knew a little of carpentering are taking lessons and endeavouring to extend that branch of their business. Many are engaged in making soap from the fat of animals killed in the market, mixed with a liquid which is obtained by burning plantain peelings, and straining the dust through a grass sieve. Many, again, make banana beer for sale in the markets; but the intoxicating kind is forbidden to be sold by the Native Council, and the European Administration has done its best to help the Council in this decision.

THE REV. BARTOLOMAYO MUSOKE, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

For some time now, the sale of intoxicating drink has been entirely prohibited in all markets directly under the control of the Native Government. Under the Brussels Act, any trader found guilty of selling spirit or intoxicating drink to a native is liable to a heavy fine. It would not be at all a bad thing if the same rule were enforced with regard to Europeans and Indians. The Baganda have realised what an evil strong drink is to the country, and have tried to curtail the sale, though they cannot hope to stop its use.

## CHAPTER IX

### UGANDA ONCE MORE

AFTER a journey home on furlough, I reached Mombasa again at 10 a.m. on August 19, 1903. We were all soon on shore with our baggage.

The first train for Uganda, we found, was to leave on Saturday; this was Wednesday. What a difference from the old style, the waiting from a fortnight to two months to arrange for porters, servants, donkeys, and camp outfit! Now we had merely a visit to a store to get a basket of provisions for a few days, a little methylated spirit to boil water on the train. All the rest of the time could be devoted to sight-seeing.

And, nowadays, there is a good deal to see in Mombasa and Frere Town, as compared with a few years ago. Things are going ahead. There are good hotels, small public gardens, and a cathedral in memory of Bishops Hannington and Parker. The harbour presents a busy scene, and the railway harbour at the south side of Mombasa always provides something interesting. The Arab, Persian, and Indian stores well repay a visit, more especially if you have an unlimited supply of rupees to spare.

Missionary work at Mombasa is hard and difficult, with the cosmopolitan population, chiefly professing Mohammedans and the descendants of the freed slaves landed there until recent years; but progress is being made, and developments in industrial and educational work now in progress will greatly help the other departments of the Mission. What the difficulties are, none

but missionaries can possibly know, and much patient plodding yields but little visible result. Further inland the seed produces far better crops, just as with the natural soil, so with the spiritual, and great harvests are being gathered in in some of the East African mission stations.

Saturday noon arrived, and we made our way to the tiny railway station, our luggage having gone there ahead of us. We had a strange collection—a medicine chest, camera, bags of personal necessaries, and baskets of tinned provisions, bread, milk, bottles of water, saucepans, kettles, spirit lamp, and table furniture—for we did not know at all how long the journey might take. We knew the train was advertised to do the journey of 584 miles by the following Tuesday morning; but that was not to say we should do it. Of course we had a good supply of pillows and rugs, as our nights must be spent on the train.

There are three passenger trains a week for a part of the distance, but only one doing the whole length. Ours was a specially heavy one, as we had quite twenty-five European passengers, besides two carriages of natives and Indians. In all, including the registered luggage, which filled two vans, we had ten vans and carriages, quite as much as the engine could draw, seeing that in the first 350 miles we ascend over 6,000 feet.

We had some illustrious passengers on the train. The wife of the late Mwanga, ex-king of Uganda, was returning from the Seychelles, together with her infant child and attendants. Hearing we were for Uganda, and knowing our names, she asked if we would take her in our care.

The chief transport officer gave us money for her, in the event of her needing more than she already had, and we looked after her right up to Kisumu.

The first half of the journey we accomplished in fine style on the permanent ballasted way ; and the 328 miles to Nairobi was over in twenty-four hours, travelling by night and day.

Arrangements were made for a stop for dinner on Saturday night, for breakfast next morning, and lunch at Nairobi. We agreed to take meals at these stopping-places at *2s. 8d.* per head. Such a large party of Europeans being a rarity, the dak bungalows were overwhelmed. We had to wait so long between the courses that we had time to get up an appetite between each. Many and various were the comments in English, French, Italian, and other languages as to the incompetency of the flurried native waiters and the more harassed Goa who superintended the work. Two meals of this nature satisfied most of us, and we afterwards provided our own food on the train.

MARKET SCENE AT NAMIREMBE, MENGO.

Up to this point the scenery is very interesting, but the most noticeable feature is the vast quantities of game—antelope, zebra, buffalo, wildebeeste, ostrich, rhinos, and jackals. Lions, though not visible, abound. This part of the Protectorate of East Africa being a game preserve, the animals are as tame as cattle in England, and stand within ten or twenty yards of the train, the driver having to constantly whistle them off the track.

After Nairobi we made slower progress. For several miles the gradient was so steep that natives, decked in red earth and butter, goat-skins and iron ornaments, easily ran behind the train and caught it up, hanging on to the guard's van, just as boys do on four-wheelers at home. This part of the world advances but slowly, though Nairobi itself has a big European population, with highly respectable houses and stores.

A mission has been commenced at Kikuyu,

some 340 miles from Mombasa, and has made very good progress. It has, however, a very uphill work in hand with Masai and Wakikuyu, who, though very intelligent, are yet very low down in the scale of humanity. They never wash, I believe, merely smearing on more fat and earth when the shine wears off, much the same as one varnishes a stove grate.

A few miles more brings us to the Kikuyu Escarpment, a quick drop of 500 feet, and then comes a welcome change. We are in Lakeland, and pass in succession Naivasha, Elmenteita, and Nakuru within a few hours, and each quite of a different character.

Here, again, game abounds, but not so near the railway. The Masai herds of cattle occupy their place on the vast plains.

Then comes the Mau. If one can imagine a combination of Chatsworth, Matlock, and Staines, with magnificent forest scenery *ad*

*lib.*, some idea may be gained of the Mau range of mountains.

I wish I could think living there on the equator would be as healthy as at the places mentioned; but I believe it will be found far otherwise. Central Africa is *not* well suited to Europeans, unless they can have constant trips home.

As we rumble over very frail-looking iron bridges, one can readily see what a wonderful piece of engineering the railway has been, and how great were the difficulties to be overcome.

The latter part of the journey we travelled but slowly. Mau summit, the highest point on the line, we reached at 11 on Monday morning. This is 8,320 feet, and 496 miles on our way. We took till 9.30 on Tuesday morning to make the remainder of the 584 miles to Port Florence (Kisumu, or Ugowe Bay, as the place is often called). On Sunday and Monday nights we could not

travel, as the line was not considered safe. This does not mean unsafe because of natives, although it is in the Nandi country, where there had recently been a rising, though not a serious one.

A curious and interesting sight was provided at each station by the Masai warriors enrolled as scouts and guards. Some had overcoats and rifles, but others merely their spears, shields, and swords, and no clothing whatever. To see their long spears decorated with a tiny Union Jack was certainly novel. We were greatly amused when they told us they were engaged to 'piga the washenzi' ('piga' means to fight, and 'washenzi' means savage or uncivilised natives, a term of reproach. The Masai themselves certainly deserve that title, if any tribe or nation does). At one station a quarrel between Wanandi and Masai had arisen, and four of the former had been killed just before our train arrived.

It was interesting to see the number of Wakamba and Wakikuyu employed on the railway on the higher lands far away from their homes. It is not at all easy to get these natives to work regularly, and still more difficult to get them to leave their homes to go to an unknown country.

Port Florence is situated at the head of a long narrow arm of the Lake Victoria ('nyanza' and lake mean the same thing), which should be called Kavirondo Bay, but has by many people been wrongly styled Ugowe Bay.

The great desire of travellers is to escape spending a night at Kisumu. If this should be unavoidable, the night is generally passed in the railway carriage; though there is a dak bungalow near the station, a very small place, with very limited accommodation. Mosquitos enjoy nights better than travellers, who get very little sleep.

The regulations state that 'Passengers should fully understand that they must allow others to occupy the same room as themselves, according to the number of beds in it.'

'Passengers availing themselves of the retiring-rooms must make arrangements for attendance by their own servants, and also provide their own bedding.'

'All complaints should be entered in the Complaint Book kept for the purpose.'

At Port Florence a long jetty has been built, so that the trains can run out right alongside the railway steamer 'Winifred,' the largest boat so far launched on the lake.

What a relief to be able to step out of the train on to a commodious steamer 175 feet long, of 250 tons register, and 500 horse-power!

Leaving Port Florence at 2 p.m. on the Tuesday, and anchoring overnight just at

the entrance to Kavirondo Bay, we steamed off at daybreak, and by 5 p.m. on Wednesday reached Entebe, the landing-place of Uganda, after fifteen hours' steaming.

Steamers as large as the 'Winifred' go out farther to sea, and so miss the varied and charming scenery afforded by the islands which thickly stud the north of the lake. The deeper draught necessitates sailing in mid-channel, even when passing between islands, and much of the beauty is thus lost. The trip across the lake will probably disappoint many who have heard such glowing descriptions of it from other travellers. Seen from a near point of vantage in a dhow or canoe, which usually keep as near land as possible, the islands present an altogether different appearance; they are not very hilly, and the 'Winifred' is a little too far away to enable one to fully appreciate them. I need not pause to describe them, except to say that they vary from bare rocks and

shingle-covered banks to grass-covered hills and tropical forests, no two being alike.

Entebe, where we landed, is a long neck of land running out into the lake, and has a decidedly pretty appearance as we approach from the lake.

The facilities for landing are a variable quantity, and we were delayed considerably in getting ashore, as the sometimes available steam-launch could not be used, the engineer having been sent elsewhere at the moment.

There is a jetty up to which smaller boats may come, but the draught of the 'Winifred' is too deep to allow of her doing so, even though she draws only six feet. So we landed in small parties in one of the ship's boats, and our baggage followed in the other. As we did not cast anchor till after 5 p.m., and it is always dark here at 6.30, the sun going down at six all the year round, it was almost dark by the time we got ashore.

We found three C.M.S. men down at the jetty to meet us, together with some other European friends, and a number of our favourite boys who had come down from Mengo to welcome us back. They were pleased to see us, just as much so as their letters had given us to expect, and gave a hearty welcome to my wife too, who was much interested in seeing what her native friends were like.

We were up betimes next morning, anxious to complete our journey and reach a place we could call home.

To Mengo by the cart road is only twenty-two miles; yet it was perhaps the most tedious part of the journey, considering the distance. From Port Florence we had wired for two cycles and an animal, not knowing that natives are so civilised now that several of them have rickshas they would have lent us. The result was the arrival of a mule, with a note stating that if trotted it would

fall down, as it was weak-kneed. The next result was that, of course, the cycles had to wait for the mule, so that instead of getting to Mengo before noon, it was 3 p.m. before we reached there.

We had receptions all along the route. At 10 a.m. we sat down on the roadside and made tea. At 12 noon we came across boys making tea at the roadside, sent by the ladies at Mengo. At 2 p.m. we met boys with a table spread, and a fire burning—again at the roadside—and tea all ready, with milk, biscuits (made in Germany), etc., and sent by Zakasiya Kisingire, the second Regent. He had already sent on a note, with a mule which could trot, for my wife to ride, and this had met us eight miles out.

By this time we had been met with notes of welcome from the Katikiro, Kago, another big chief, and messages from several others. Detachments of our teachers and friends had

joined our procession, until by the time we reached Mengo we were quite a crowd. The Bishop came on his mule some five miles out to welcome us, and soon, as we got to the capital, the Regent, who had sent the tea, came out, together with Mika Sematimba and several others, whom we had to hug in turn, heartily congratulated us on the journey. The King too sent messengers to salute us.

We went to the ladies' house, where all the Europeans came as soon as they could get from classes. A few had already met us on the road, a mile out; others had been some distance at noon, and turned back, as we were so delayed.

Then more tea and more congratulations, and about five we were able to get away and go to our own house, and I introduced my wife to her abode.

It seemed scarcely possible that it was only August 27, and we were safely in

Mengo; and yet it was only a month since we left London.

We thanked God most sincerely for such a prosperous voyage, and for the improved means of transport.

THE END

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